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THE RUSSIAN DOCTOR.

Entertaining and Romantic Story from Real Life.

[ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN OF MME. ELISE POEKE.]

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CHAPTER I.

THE modest dwelling of the physician who, since his return from a residence of many years in Kasan, had gone by the name of "the Russian Doctor," was so densely embowered in cypress and wild grape vines that one could scarce have found the door-knob but for its brightness from constant scouring. A large, old-fashioned garden, in which both flowers and weeds were allowed to grow at their own sweet will, stretched far behind the house, and ended in a forest of beeches, a path through which led to a dilapidated rustic temple on the brow of a hill. This temple, which occupied an open space, was flanked by a weather-beaten stone table, surrounded by wooden benches, and had, evidently, been reared by some lover of nature. But the death or absence of its owner had allowed the place to fall into decay, and no one in the little town had cared to expend time or money for its restoration.

Dr. Arnim Elbthal had won great renown and an extended practice in that distant Russian city. Wonderful stories were told of his skill, which had, indeed, been phenomenal. These stories the Russian servant, Ivan, whom he had brought home with him, endeavored to confirm in his broken German, resorting to expressive pantomime when words failed him. According to Ivan, his master had cut off innumerable noses and ears, to say nothing of arms and legs, and no one had ever felt pain under his knife. Incredible things in glass jars adorned his sleeping-chamber. These Ivan dusted every morning with reverential awe and not without a secret longing for the spirits in which they were preserved. The doctor sometimes wondered that the spirits in these jars had so often to be renewed, and that his store of Turkish tobacco disappeared in such incredible ways. As none of the other servants smoked, and the housekeeper detested the "filthy weed," Ivan must have been the sole transgressor. In spite of cheeks often distended, and an odor of excellent tobacco he carried about with him, he denied this persistently, and the doctor contented himself with an occasional scolding. Unable to speak Russian, although he both read and wrote the language, he had been obliged to make out a list of reproving words from the dictionary. This list, which began with "rebel" and ended with "dog," he would read from his easy-chair with great solemnity; the delinquent standing before him and listening with an air of utter annihilation, until, at the last word, he would kiss the seam of his master's coat, and slip like a guilty thing over the threshold.

Fraulein Marianne, the doctor's cousin and housekeeper, had often insisted on the dismissal of this "savage;" but Ivan was to the doctor a living reminiscence of a strange, active life on a foreign soil. He had thought to remain in Kasan to the end, but the inheritance of a small fortune through the death of a distant relative he had scarce known awakened in him a sudden homesickness for Germany, and for the secluded little town afar from railways, where his cradle had stood, and which in an age of restless activity still dreamed on as it had dreamed on for hundreds of years.

Having purchased this vine-wreathed house which, during all those years in a foreign land, had stood before him a sort of enchanted vision, he summoned his orphaned cousin Marianne, a model housewife, as his minister of the interior. Marianne indeed sighed mentally that her cousin had chosen for a home his native town rather than some great capital, with its constant succession of new faces and amusements. But yet the idea of reigning sole mistress of a household appeared so beautiful and enticing that she must have followed the doctor to the ends of the earth. She had always liked him; she felt great respect for him; his only fault in her eyes was an open aversion to marriage. A physician who remained single was, to say the least, unwise. Arnim would ward off her frequent reproaches on this score by declaring that the unmarried physician, like the Catholic priest, is much more efficient than the married one, being wholly devoted to his calling without the distraction of outside interests.

"Only those undeterred by thought of wife or family sacrifice themselves cheerfully, if it comes to that," he said. "My patients can attest that I am not destitute of a heart. Hitherto I have devoted my love to the individual; had no time for love, and now it is too late. Why need I marry when hands like yours keep my house in order and Ivan serves me so faithfully? Why seek to realize personally those torments which the poets tells us are inseparable from love, when I have seen and still see so much of pain and sorrow in the lives of others?"

In that foreign land our Russian doctor had won the name of "father" by ardent devotion to his calling. The ailments of children had been his especial care. In that somber university city, there was scarce a boy or girl of the poorer classes who did not know him, did not run after him as he passed along the streets and press its dirty nose to the lappel of his coat. Many a beautiful pair of woman's eyes also followed the manly figure with the thoughtful, noble face. Many a rosy mouth smiled upon him, many a fascinating lady teacher offered to assist him in mastering that extremely difficult foreign idiom. But all these enticements were lost upon the doctor; he had no time for them.

And, besides, there was one living remembrance that, like a pastel picture undimmed by time, rose constantly before him. Waking and dreaming there was ever present to him the face of a young girl wholly unlike these dark-eyed foreign beauties—a pale, almost childish face with piquant nose, lustrous blue eyes, light-brown hair—a delicate, *petite* figure with charming hands and feet, and a joyous, musical voice.

This fair maiden who had thus captured the fancy of a somewhat grave, bookish student, was the only child of a French emigrant, a widower, who lived proudly isolated in the vine-wreathed house, intrusting the education of his daughter to an elderly French governess. The garden wall had then, as now, an artistically-wrought latticed gate on the forest-side. In the fine season, Arnim, who loved to study in the open air, would take his Greek and Latin books to the forest, where he was sure to meet a child-like figure in a white dress with rich embroideries and dainty ribbons, skipping up and down the broad, pebbled path. To the amazement of our student, she always wore loose, light-colored kid gloves. Sometimes she stood close to the gate, her graceful head pressed against the cold iron bars—the broad-brimmed hat hanging from her neck by its blue ribbon, while the eyes that gazed wistfully into the deep-green of the forest mayhap caught a glimpse of the student who walked hesitatingly past, and sometimes let a book fall to impede his progress.

This blonde child was quite unlike other young girls of the little town—the sisters of his school-fellows. She did not at all resemble the burgomaster's daughter, who was considered a model of good breeding and fine manners. To Arnim she seemed coarse beside this stranger, who had about her something of the libellula, something of the airy grace of that shimmering-winged creature, destined to flit about for one brief summer's day, and then die.

The foreign maiden sometimes appeared on the promenade—a somber walk shaded by lindens, which surrounded the little town—but never without her governess, a severe-looking, fantastically-dressed and elderly Frenchwoman. Now and then she would hang upon the arm of her father, and both would be chatting merrily. But this seldom happened, as the Marquis traveled back and forth a great deal, passing but little time at home.

Once upon a spring day, when the first May flowers were in bloom and bird-songs enlivened the forest, as Arnim passed along the wonted path, a great leather ball flew over the gate and hit him in the right eye. A sudden cry of pain escaped him, his book fell to the ground, and, momentarily blinded, he grasped after the nearest tree. The key turned hastily, the gate creaked on its hinges, and an excited figure in white appeared before him. Soft little hands sought with gentle force to withdraw his own hand from his eyes, and a sweet voice spoke consoling words in French—then to Arnim an almost unknown tongue.

THEIR FIRST ACQUAINTANCE.

He set his teeth—this young girl must not know how he suffered. And yet he was helpless, for he could not open his eyes. Angry at this helplessness, he thrust back the little hands now gloveless, and turned away. But they would not be shaken off. Once more they were extended, and the voice took on a pleading accent. Little as he knew of French, Arnim was aware that the girl was begging his forgiveness, and wanted to take him to the fountain in the midst of the garden. His feet still resisted, but his head and heart were already on the way, along which he at length suffered himself to be led.

Soon he felt over his inflamed eye a moist perfumed handkerchief. The pain abated, the well eye slowly opened and gazed into the lovely face that, flushed with mingled archness and anxiety, bent toward him. "*Merci bien mademoiselle,*" he said, heroically recalling one of his few French phrases.

"*Hortense!*" cried a sharp woman's voice. The girl's small hands tore a web of lace from her neck, laid it over the handkerchief and knotted it around the young student's soft blonde hair. Then hurriedly slipping on her gloves she showed her patient out through the gate. As she did so, his ear caught entreating whispers of which he understood only "*A demain. Au revoir.*"

He again sought his wonted place in the forest, and threw himself upon the grass. But though he lay there for a long time he did not study one word—"*A demain—au revoir!*" kept echoing in his ear.

Upon reaching home he hunted up a French grammar and a French-and-German phrase-book hidden away in the depths of the family library. To-morrow he would return the handkerchief with thanks, and assure the thrower of the ball that his eye no longer pained him. But he felt that it would be easier to commit a Latin exercise than these French phrases.

His swollen eye did not escape his mother's notice, but the limb of a tree was made answerable for the little French girl's awkwardness. He locked the two handkerchiefs in his desk to take them out late at night and unfold them. In one corner of the pocket handkerchief he discovered the initial H. with a coronet above it. Could this other dainty thing, with its delicate perfume, be any protection against wind and weather? What useless trifles these spoiled girls must have to wear, and this was a Parisian through and through! German women were so different. What, indeed, could a manly man do with a doll who carried such handkerchiefs, wound such spiders' webs about her neck and wore gloves in the garden? What would his mother, who only on Sundays allowed herself the luxury of white under-sleeves, and was by no means lavish in collars and handkerchiefs for her husband and son—what would she say about the always fresh white gowns of this young French woman? Terrible memories of the Revolution and of Napoleon's wars had taught her to hate the French, and she was displeased to learn that her son even knew these foreigners.

This night Arnim dreamed of gigantic balls flying through the air. They all hit him. Handkerchief after handkerchief was wound around his head, and two soft little hands were laid upon his heart, while a sweet voice asked: "Have I really hurt you?"

The next day Arnim had many lessons to recite at the gymnasium, but his memory was not as usual at command. At the appointed time he found himself on the familiar path. As he passed the latticed gate his heart beat violently. From beneath the low-drawn vision of his cap he gazed stealthily into the garden. Suddenly he discerned a white shimmer. The gloveless hand of Hortense waved him a greeting through the lattice-work of the gate.

"O, sir, you came at last," she said, in French. "How is it with you?"

As a polite young man, he was obliged to step forward, to take off his cap, show the eye which meantime had assumed all possible colors, and say assuringly the words he had a thousand times rehearsed: "*Je me parle assez bien, mademoiselle.*" Then taking the handkerchief with the coronet from its paper wrappings, with a "thank you very much," he handed it to its owner. Where was the other? Hortense did not ask, but still chatting and laughing merrily, she opened the gate and came to him. Arnim listened in silence as the rippling rivulet of her speech flowed gayly on, while the rosebud mouth was wreathed in smiles and the eyes glowed like sunbeams.

"O, how I love the forest!" she cried, in ecstasy. The trees murmured softly above those two young heads, and with happy hearts they paced slowly up and down the path.

Young violets in charming profusion nestled amid the grass. Arnim would gladly have plucked a bunch of them for his lovely companion, but he could recall only their Latin name, *Viola odorata*, and he forebore. He told her as well as he was able that he spoke but very little French, and she [illegible] laughing, that she knew no German. Then she asked him to give her German lessons, assuring him that her father would not object. She next inquired as to his name, his home, whether he had parents and brothers and sisters. When he had answered she said, sadly: "I have no mother, no brothers or sisters." Then she begged him not to be afraid of Mlle. Fifine, her governess, assuring him that she was not so cross as she looked.

"Is it she who always makes you wear gloves?" he asked.

She laughed and nodded.

"But I do love to take them off," she said, suiting the action to the word. "Here they are. Please keep them awhile for me."

He put the gloves in his breast pocket.

"And yet I would not like to have brown or red hands like so many of your German girls," she added. "That is so ugly—uglier even than gloves."

So they walked up and down or stood side by side at the gate, until Mlle. Fifine's call separated them.

This day, also, our student learned little from his books, although his eye was now well.

In response to a courteous note from the Marquis, he ere long found himself duly installed as German teacher to Hortense. The Marquis also paid his parents a visit, charming both with his elegant manners and the prospect of an engagement for their son, although the mother shook her head ominously and talked more than ever of the dire events of the French campaign of 1812.

The German lessons were not given in the usual formal manner. Teacher and pupil wandered out into the garden, and seated themselves comfortably in the arbor or by the fountain. Sometimes when Mlle. Fifine was in good humor, she accompanied them to the forest, to the meadow or to the temple on the hilltop. Arnim soon got over his fear of the morose old French governess, who every day cursed the lot that forced her to remain far from *la belle France* in this stupid Germany. She scorned the young German in no friendly way through her eye-glass, and honored him with but little of her conversation. But she left the "two children" to their fate, as she sat a little distance away absorbed in the fictitious destiny of the hero and heroine of some romance.

None questioned which learned most of the foreign language, Arnim or Hortense, but both found the alloted hour much too short, and Arnim remained longer and longer, not leaving until Mlle. Fifine, from the depths of her novel, gave the signal for departure.

They belonged to the laughing spring and to the season of roses, these two youthful creatures. How musical rose and fell Hortense's clear laugh amid this merry twitter of birds! How droll were her German words and phrases, and how awkward from Arnim's tongue came the dear, familiar French sounds! Both soon learned to laugh heartily over their mutual blunders.

Sometimes the lively child would spring up, shake back her golden-brown curls and run away. It was then the preceptor's manifest duty to bring back the refractory pupil. While within range of Mlle. Fifine's eyes, with the grave, slow dignity of a teacher—then in the full eagerness of youth they would play hide and seek like two merry children, until Fifine's grim figure loomed up near by, and her—"Enough of this nonsense"—recalled them to their tasks. Then they would again sit opposite each other, Hortense repeating while the dimples in her cheeks deepened into an arch smile "*Ich habe, du hast, er hat,*" etc.

But she remained rapt and silent when her teacher read aloud some German poem. "That is music," she would say. "I feel the meaning of the words if I do not understand them."

He never wearied of reading to her from Eichendorf, his favorite poet. These lines impressed her as so beautiful that she begged him to copy them for her in French characters so that she might learn them by heart:

> "I hear a brooklet murmur,
> Now far, now near, it seems;
> Through the forest at its murmur
> I pass on as in dreams.
>
> "The nightingales trill softly
> In the silent, leafy ways;
> And the burden of their singing
> Is the lovely olden days.
>
> "Beneath the moonbeam's shimmer
> It seems so fair, so near,
> That castle in the valley
> That lies so far from here.
>
> "As if within that garden
> Of roses white and red,
> She still for me were waiting—
> My darling, long years dead."

THE READING.

Once—summer was already passing with light footsteps through the land—when Arnim, at his pupil's request, had recited these dreamy verses, Hortense rose suddenly, and with feverish haste plucked a nosegay from the red roses and white lilies, which bloomed in wild luxuriance in the garden, and laid it on the table before him. He carried it in his hand as he went home, delighting in its beauty and fragrance. What a dear, kind-hearted creature she was, this little girl! Even his mother, spite of those reminiscences of 1812, could but love her.

The next noon when Arnim returned from the gymnasium, he found a letter from the Marquis. It contained a check and some obligatory words of courtesy, expressing much regret that the lessons must be discontinued for a season, as his daughter was about to visit Paris.

Arnim persuaded himself that a brief pause in the lessons would be the best [illegible] for him, as his examinations were [illegible]t hand. He also decided that he [illegible] make no attempt to bid Hortense fa[illegible]ell, that in his visits to the forest he would choose a path not leading by the latticed gate.

If the roses and lilies in that glass of water had only been less enchanting in their perfume as he came to this conclusion! He was about to throw them out of the window; but why make the poor flowers answer for reminding him of the garden where they grew?

He kept his resolution until evening, then he wandered again along the dear old path, past the garden gate. He wanted to say to his pupil that in her absence he should no longer pass this way. To let her go without one parting word would be discourtesy. But no shimmering white dress greeted him; all was silent and empty. The window of the chamber looking on the garden was lighted; he saw figures moving to and fro, and heard Fifine's sharp voice. He lingered long, awaiting the silvery laugh of Hortense—she laughed so often and so merrily when he was near! But to-night if she laughed it was not aloud, and he slowly returned home.

The next evening just as he was setting out for the forest, an unknown lad appeared bringing him a note with a perfume of violets. "From the French young lady," the boy said. "No answer required."

With a strange feeling of apprehension he broke the seal. Awkward German characters confronted him. He read:

"DEAR TEACHER: My aunt, the Marquise Duvois, has come, and will take me with her to Paris. She is the mother of my cousin René, whom papa and Fifine say I am one day to marry. I do not know whether we shall return here. I have wept very much at the thought of leaving. If we do return, I shall at once resume my lessons with you. They have been so beautiful and so jolly! I shall never forget you—never! *Au revoir.* Please remember your sad, HORTENSE."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAPTURING DESERTERS.

METHODS OF RECAPTURE DURING THE WAR.

A Conscript in Female Attire—Watching a House for Several Days—The Closing Days of the Rebellion—A Desperate Struggle.

In the summer of 1864 Wirt Adams's cavalry, after an arduous campaign, rested to recruit men and horses in Shepherd's old fields in Copiah county, Mississippi. Food and forage were abundant; the horses grew fat, and the lazy life soon wearied the men, whose home was in the saddle. Time dragged, but Sergeant Heath's old Creeper created a diversion, one morning, by stampeding the brigade horses, which were all loose at grass. Creeper knew a thing or two, and counted on fun when he laid his plans. Working around the two thousand grazing horses, until all were between himself and the camp in the woods, the old horse, whose wisdom was known and acknowledged throughout the brigade, took his stand and surveyed the ground. With a wild snort and a ringing neigh he sprang into the herd. What he intended to convey to the understanding of his fellows I cannot say, but a panic seemed to seize each separate beast, and with thundering hoofs they bore down upon the camp. Then was there "mounting in hot haste" the friendly trees beneath whose shelter we bivouacked. Mad, blind with an unnamed terror, and turning not aside, like an avalanche the flying squadron swept through the camp. With the streaming mane and tail, head on high, and flashing eyes, that old demon Creeper led his frightened hosts. It was plain to see that he gloried in the mischief he had wrought.

ATTACKING THE CAVALRY.

The camp monotony was broken at last when the outlying scouts reported the advance of a Federal incursion from Bruinsburg, on the Mississippi river. This force of white and negro troops, composed of infantry, cavalry, and field artillery, and amounting in all to about 1,200 men, had been landed from transports on the river, presumably for the purpose of surprising and capturing our force at Shepherd's old fields. Timely warning enabled General Adams to meet them more than half way. Eleven miles south of Port Gibson is Coleman's lane, in the county of Jefferson, and here the advance parties of the hostile forces met. Hot skirmishing and an exchange of shells from the field batteries on either side opened the engagement. Here a curious, and perhaps unique, casualty occurred. Our cavalry was dismounting, preparatory to an advance on foot. An officer was seated on the top rail of a fence bordering the road. A shell from the enemy struck the rail at one end without exploding. The rough rail was driven with tremendous force from under the officer, leaving a great splinter three or four feet long, and of the thickness of two fingers, transfixing the unhappy man's thighs and projecting a foot or more beyond each hip. The man swore with rage and pain, repelling all approaches on the part of friends, until Dr. Martin coming up forcibly broke off one projection of the tough oak and drew out the remainder from the other side. The wounds healed and the captain soon resumed his duties, but he heard not the last jibe on that "cross buttock" thrust until he met a soldier's death in the closing days of the struggle.

DRIVING THE FEDERALS BACK.

The enemy had posted himself in and about Coleman's dwelling, barns and outbuildings. Here we assaulted him and drove him out and back after a short resistance. The Federal force greatly outnumbered ours, but would assuredly have been captured had the white contingent been as easily demoralized as were the negro soldiers. Time after time these men, composing the rear guard as the Federal commander drew off his forces, were broken and hurled helter-skelter upon the main body, and only the stubborn fighting of the white troops enabled any portion of the command to escape. Darkness fell while we still pursued them, and the chase was not given over until near midnight, when exhaustion compelled a halt. Daybreak found the enemy on board his transports, and the fleet steamed away for Natchez. I have often thought that had the Federal force been skillfully commanded on this occasion General Adams would have found that this attack was a rash venture. Had his force been a third larger not a blue coat would have escaped. To the best of my knowledge the Confederate force did not exceed four hundred men, while I am sure I saw three times that number of the enemy. They had also the advantage of a strong position of their own selection, taken as soon as made aware of our approach. Our first rush, however, drove them from it, and their officers found it impossible fully to rally the negro troops. They would stand when we paused, but each succeeding onset speedily broke their ranks. Their fire was very high. Far above our heads the minie bullets sang an angry chorus, and our loss was trifling. At intervals, when crossing an eminence, a man would fall in darkness. Andrew Battle, a rugged Irishman, went back for a horse to carry off the body of Ed Sueduskie, a messmate. "Whom have you there?" he was asked from a bank on the roadside. "Poor Ed Sueduskie, as dead as h——!" he answered. "That's a lie, Battle!" replied his questioner, who was none other than Sueduskie himself. Down went the unknown dead upon the ground, and Battle, with an oath strongly suggestive of disgust, resumed his place among the pursuers. A young cavalryman, intent upon glory, went, contrary to orders, mounted into the action. Soon he was seen on foot rushing to the rear. "Hello, Jones, where now?" "My horse was shot from under me and I am going back for another." Again he flies to the rear and again reports his horse killed. Five separate times that day and night his horse was "shot through and through." Next day all five of these unfortunate animals were found unscratched, peacefully grazing among the slain. Well, well, their rider was scarcely more than a boy and doubtless he sent home his thrilling bulletin, and mother and sisters gloried in his dashing courage and marveled at his wondrous escapes. Poor fellow! he had his weaknesses, but he had his virtues and his friends.

HUNTING THE DESERTERS.

Among the Southern soldiers' duties, one of the least important toward the close of the war, was that of bringing in from the hills and forests and habitations in the wilderness deserters from the armies and slippery conscripts who sought to evade the service. The cavalryman's soul delighted in this work for awhile. A detail for such an expedition meant relaxation from the discipline of the camp, exemption from the hardships of the march, and variety in place of irksome routine. There was also a spice of adventure, for deserters would sometimes fight, though skulking was their main point. The writer was one of twenty men, under the command of a lieutenant, sent during the early part of 1864 into Scott and Lake counties, in Mississippi, on a man-hunting errand. Game was abundant and our officer was provided with a formidable list of those to be run down. We took a guide from a neighboring county, whose name was Pigue. He knew the country and he knew the people, and he went disguised. His disguise was effectual, but his name must be changed out of consideration for the future. From pig to shoat was an easy transition, though something safer might have been found. Nevertheless, to us he was always Shoat. He served as faithfully as he had served his State in the field before being wounded and disabled. He was a good guide, and I hope his neighbors will not call him to account when they read this.

FOUND UNDER THE BED.

The first house we visited was watched in vain for several days. Authentic information said there should be two deserters thereabouts. Two of our party lay all night under the house listening to the conversation of the inmates, but not a word was dropped of advantage to our quest. Openly in daylight the house was visited and diplomacy used in vain. The women would not be led into betraying their lords, but received with keen suspicion and reserve all our advances. Surrounding and searching the house in the small hours after midnight only gave us our labor for our pains. Yet the men were known to be at least in communication with their homes, and our orders to take them were imperative. The visible members of the household consisted of a bedridden old woman, two middle-aged women, and a small army of white-haired scions. A second time spies were placed under the house, and about midnight one of them came to the rendezvous and reported that he and his companion had heard whispering overhead, and believed they had detected a man's voice. At once the house was surrounded and admittance demanded. The door was opened, and the women sullenly demanded why we continued to persecute them. They asserted in the strongest terms that the whereabouts of their husbands was absolutely unknown to them, and declared that they had not seen or heard of them for months. Disregarding all their protestations, we proceeded to turn the cabin topsy-turvy. The scant furniture was moved and the loft ransacked in vain. Nothing remained but the bed on which the helpless old woman lay. When called upon to rise that it might be overhauled, she wept and her daughters remonstrated violently. They vowed that she could not get up, and to move her would kill her. The lieutenant approached to lift her, when she sprang at him and attacked him with the ferocity and celerity of a tigress. Leaving him to defend himself against her long talons, we tore away the bed clothing, and under the boards was revealed a box-like structure wherein lay the objects of our search. They were wretched, craven looking creatures and shivered and whined as we dragged their limp carcases out.

IN FEMALE ATTIRE.

We watched another house for days and passed a small field where two women cultivated a crop of corn. The man we wanted was not to be seen. The women gave no indications that they knew the nature of our errand, but would talk at any time with apparent frankness. The wife of the deserter said that her husband had abandoned her and that she and his sister, who lived with her, had a hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door. We were all but convinced of this fact, and should have been wholly so but for the direct and authentic manner in which we had been informed to the contrary. Finally we were compelled to abandon this case from sheer lack of any clew to work upon, as, in spite of constant and rigid espionage, we made no headway and saw no suggestive action on the part of the two women. The detective instinct must have been utterly lacking in every member of the squad, for we learned sometime after that the alleged sister in-law with whom we had frequently conversed, and whom we had many times seen at work in the field, was simply the deserter himself, clothed in one of his wife's homespun gowns.

A TERRIBLE SIGHT.

Another case was that of a man who had no family. He was a shaggy, bearded giant and owned two old negroes, who guarded him and the secret of his haunts with a sagacity and fidelity almost superhuman. His habit was to lie out in the woods, seldom approaching the house, and the negro servants contrived to provide for his daily sustenance in spite of all our efforts to prevent it. It would have been easy to prevent the negroes from going to him by placing them in duress, or by removing them altogether from the scene. But this might have defeated our ends, for we knew not how close the hider might be lying and had no assurance that we ourselves were not under his observation, for the dense woods and thickets encroached directly upon the small clearing in which the house stood. In default of a better plan we at length took measures to keep the old servants under close surveillance for twenty-four hours uninterruptedly. At break of day the cabin was entered by two men and they were given certain instructions and informed that the slightest violation or attempted infraction would result in the immediate death of both. But one was permitted to pass the door at a time, and the dead-line, which lay near at hand, must not be crossed. They were cautioned against any signaling and assured that such an attempt would be promptly punished. Men were lying in ambush all around, and at dark our line was drawn in to closely encircle the building. Shortly before midnight a stealthy form crept past me in the gloom and the game was in the toils. Swiftly passing around the cordon I notified the men that Stowers had entered the house, and we at once took positions at every door and window. As soon as the lieutenant's step sounded upon the porch the fugitive leaped from a back window into the iron grip of Sergeant Howard. The man fought and bit and swore and yelled like a demon, but strong arms bore him down and strong cords bound his writhing limbs. His hair and beard fell down his back and breast in matted masses, his hands and face were black with the accumulated grime of months, and the nails of his fingers resembled the long curved talons of some great bird of prey. His eyes glared like a madman's, and every struggling motion reminded us of those of a baffled, raging wild beast. The sight was terrible, and one who witnessed it can never forget it.

A fire in Richmond, Ky., Thursday, destroyed Riggs's livery stable, Arnold's grocery, Gentry & Co.'s hardware, the new opera house, Neff's produce store, Douglas's butcher shop, Green's opera house, the Adams Express Company's office, Dinell & Co.'s restaurant and Smith & Belton's shop.

A GAMBLER'S DREAM.

The Name of the Winning Horse Revealed to Him in Sleep Beforehand.

(From the St. Paul Globe.)

A down town pool-room furnishes a story, while not romantic, proves that dreams, while not infallible, can be turned to good account at times. A prominent St. Anthony hill youth who had been playing the horses there for three weeks with intermittent fortune, was going home a few nights since well under the influence of cocktails which he had absorbed purely for their medicinal virtues. He was in that happy mood when everything out of the ordinary run of things attracts the eye and makes a strong bid for the curiosity of the beholder. The young man had felt his way carefully along the sidewalk to the bill board hiding Alderman Dowlan's wood yard, on Wabasha street, when through the dim glare of the street lamp the highly colored lithograph advertising the play "My Geraldine," caught his eye.

There was something about the blazing building, the tall man with a twenty-inch dagger in his hand, the lemon-colored locks of the girl floating on the night air and the elaborate lettering that tickled his curiosity, and leaning up against a telegraph pole, he gazed at the gaudy bill and read and reread, "My Geraldine, my Geraldine," and when he reached home and had rolled into bed he sank to sleep whispering "My Geraldine, my Geraldine."

In his dream that night he met a beautiful girl with divine form and waving hair that had captured the softest beams of the midday sun and married her. With her personal charms she brought him great wealth in valuable city property and bank stock, and her name was Geraldine. The following morning the young man awoke and bathed his extended mind in ice water and went down to breakfast, but he could not drive the dream from his head and as he went down town to his office his lips mechanically muttered "Geraldine, Geraldine."

He dropped into the pool-room, as was his custom, and in looking over the list of horses that were to contest in the Saratoga races he was startled when half way down the list his eye fell upon the name Geraldine. A queer superstition crept into his mind and he concluded to bet her hard for a winner. The horse was not a favorite in the race and the crowd eagerly grabbed at the young man's offer to play her and gave him liberal odds. At last, with all his available funds placed on the race, he rested confident that he would win. Finally in a deep voice the pool seller announced that the horses were off, and the young man calmly waited for the name of the winner to be given. He had not long to wait and he showed no signs of surprise when the caller sang out: "Geraldine wins the race."

The young man walked calmly up and cashed in his checks, putting $600 deep into his trousers pocket as the result of a few cocktails and a drop or two of superstition.

WAR GOVERNOR WISE.

Poet Randall's Story About Him and Two Capitol Statues.

(From the Anniston Hot Blast.)

It seems a fact that history repeats itself. The phrase, "Let her go, Gallagher," that has been going the rounds lately in the Southern papers, reminds us of an incident that occurred in Washington a good many years ago when Hon. Henry A. Wise was a member of Congress. While engaged in conversation near the statue of Washington, on the east front of the Capitol building, a strange looking genius approached us and asked: "If we could tell him the meaning of the statue opposite—the man with the extended arm and a ball in his hand, looking directly in the face of the statue by which we were standing?" and also asked, "Who the statue represented near us?"

Mr. Wise looked intently at him for a few moments and, being satified that he was really seeking information, explained to him who the statues represented. The man with extended arm and ball in his hand represented Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America, and the ball in his hand illustrated his theory that the earth was round and by sailing due west he could circumnavigate the globe, or rather he would find a new continent to balance the one they knew all about. The statue by which we were standing represented George Washington, known as the "Father of his Country." Mr. Wise called his attention to the superscription: "First in Peace, First in War and First in the Hearts of his Countrymen"—which had evidently escaped the stranger's attention, but there is no name or inscription on the statue of Columbus, and he or any one else could be reasonably excused for asking to whom the statue was erected and the meaning of the ball in the hand. But Mr. Wise continued by calling the attention of the stranger to the right arm of the Washington statue, extended with the hand open and looking directly in the face of Columbus, about 120 yards distant—Columbus looking as in the act of throwing the ball at him. Mr. Wise said it reminded him of boys playing cat (base ball was not known at that day) and he almost fancied he could hear George say, "Let her go, Christopher, I will catch her!"

A Remarkable Case.

John H. Robb, a Camden, Pa., paper-hanger, 39 years old, who has had a needle traveling around in his body for thirty one years, was relieved of the pointed piece of steel Tuesday, by the surgeons at the Cooper Hospital, in Philadelphia. He went to the hospital Monday suffering from a sensitive tumor on his thigh. The surgeon suspected the presence of a foreign body and decided on a surgical operation. An incision was made in the tumor and when the knife reached almost down to the thigh bone it struck a hard substance, which proved to be an ordinary sized needle, partly incysted. On recovering consciousness after the operation Robb recollected that while sliding along the floor when he was but eight years old he had driven a needle so deeply in his foot that it could not be recovered. He experienced but little discomfort from the accident and had entirely forgotten it until the surgeons found the needle in operating on the tumor, which it caused in coming in contact with the thigh bone.

Millions of Acres for Settlement.

WASHINGTON, August 29.—Acting Land Commissioner Stockslager has issued the necessary instructions to carry into effect Secretary Lamar's recent order restoring to settlement and entry certain railroad indemnity lands, as follows: Southern Pacific Railroad of California, about 4,000,000 acres; the Dalles Military Road Company, of Oregon, about 1,200,000 acres; the Alabama and Chattanooga Railroad, of Alabama, about 2,500 acres, covered by unapproved selections; the Vicksburg and Meridian Railroad, of Mississippi, about 1,500 acres, also covered by unapproved selections.

An earthquake lasting seven seconds was felt in Arizona on Thursday.

THE CANADIAN FISHERIES.

The Coming Negotiations Between England and This Country.

WASHINGTON, August 31.—The Department of State has not yet been officially advised of Mr. Chamberlain's appointment as president of the Royal Commission charged with the duty of effecting a settlement of the questions at issue between the United States and Great Britain concerning the fisheries. While this government has not yet selected the persons who will be entrusted with the conduct of the negotiations in its interest, yet little difficulty is expected to be met in finding men whose breadth of view and legal acumen will ensure a proper presentation of the interests of the United States and an agreement honorable in terms and satisfactory to the whole country.

Secretary Bayard will make it a point that on the questions at issue our representatives shall present an undivided front. He believes that there can be no doubt as to the power of the President to appoint the American Commissioners, as he is constitutionally authorized to initiate negotiations and make treaties with foreign countries, subject to ratification by the Senate. The exact functions of the Commission have not been defined. Generally it will consider all of the questions now at issue between the United States and Canada arising from the conflicting claims of the two countries respecting the fisheries, but whether the result of the negotiations, if successful, will be a new treaty or an amicable agreement under the treaty now operative cannot at present be predicted. The negotiations with Great Britain have, however, now reached such a phase that Secretary Bayard is encouraged in the belief that a final adjustment of the questions which have vexed the two nations since the expiration of the treaty of Washington is near at hand.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PLATFORM.

Cleveland and the National Platform of 1884 Fully Indorsed.

The following is the platform adopted by the Democratic State Convention of Pennsylvania:

FIRST. That we renew our allegiance to the principles and declarations of the platform adopted at Chicago in 1884, which Mr. Cleveland, the nominee of the party, heartily indorsed, declaring in his letter of acceptance: "I have carefully considered the platform adopted by the convention and cordially approve the same. So plain a statement of Democratic faith and the principles upon which that party appeals to the suffrages of the people needs no supplement or explanation." To these principles he has faithfully adhered in all his public utterances. We further affirm the platform adopted by our State Convention of 1886, and in view of the existing condition of the public treasury we demand with emphasis that the large surplus already in the Treasury shall be used to pay the public debt and that the current and unnecessary increase going on beyond the needs of government shall be immediately prevented by a wise and prudent reduction of internal taxation and of duties on imports in accordance with the foregoing declarations.

SECOND. That we fully indorse the administration of President Cleveland. Wise, sagacious and patriotic, he has restored confidence to the business interests of the country in the Democratic party, has directed the financial affairs of the government with apt ability, has strengthened the public credit and thereby given us a period of great industrial and commercial prosperity. Apprehension in the minds of some that the advent of our party to the control of the Federal Government would be dangerous has been dispelled. Our people are more contented and well-to-do than in many years and more respected than ever by other nations. His period of administration has been pure, economical and fearless, and meets the approval of all fair-minded and conservative citizens.

THIRD. We recognize the material benefits which this country has received from immigration. We indorse the legislation of Congress against the importation of contract labor and to compel the return of paupers and criminals. We commend the national administration for its efforts to rigidly enforce these laws, and while we are opposed to any illiberal restrictions we favor such additional measures of regulation as may be found necessary.

FOURTH. We favor liberal pensions to deserving Union soldiers and sailors, and refer to the action of the present administration in adding to the pension rolls a larger number than was ever before placed thereon within a corresponding period, while at the same time protecting the treasury from fraudulent claims as proof this fact.

FIFTH. We point with pride to the fact that since the Democratic party has been in power in any branch of the Federal Government not one acre of the public lands has been granted to corporations, nor has any land grant been revised or extended.

SIXTH. The failure of the State revenue bill, after it had been carefully perfected and nearly unanimously passed by both branches of the Legislature, was a crime against the majority of the Commonwealth whereby the people must pay a million dollars annually in taxation that should and would have been paid by the corporations, and the failure of the State administration to attempt any correction of the wrongdoing or exposure of the fraud or criminal neglect, condoned a crime against both authority and people and confessed the supremacy of ring rule in Pennsylvania.

SEVENTH. That we reaffirm our declaration in favor of the passage of such legislation as will properly enforce the provisions of act 17, of the Stata Constitution, relative to corporations to prevent improper discriminations and to equalize taxation.

EIGHTH. That we denounce the action of the last Republican Legislature in the defeat of the bill for the relief of the producers and refiners of oil in the oil district of the State, known as the Billingsley bill, as being in the interest of monopoly and against the interest of the people of that large section of the State.

NINTH. The Democratic party sympathizes with the oppressed of all nations and in all movements having for their object the attainment of the blessing of local self-government such as are enjoyed by the people of this Union as the result of the enforcement of Democratic policy. The granting of home rule to Ireland is due as the acknowledgment of a sacred inheritance, and the gallant struggle for the accomplishment of this long delayed act of justice under the magnificent leadership of Gladstone and Parnell commends itself to the moral support of the American people. It is our earnest wish that the efforts of these distinguished statesmen may soon be crowned with success.

TENTH. We still hold to the ancient doctrine of the party that the preservation of the rights of the people demands that we should look with jealousy upon monopolies and restrict corporate power within its proper sphere, and we heartily approve the action of the national administration in reclaiming and throwing open to the people for settlement 100,000,000 acres of lands which through artifice and fraud were wrongfully held by corporations, having been forfeited to the people by failure to comply with the conditions of the grants.

LASHED TO DEATH.

Tales of Horror from the Convict Camps of Georgia.

ATLANTA, Ga., September 1.—Governor Gordon has received information from Dodge county of a case of brutality to convicts in Degree's camp, which has been unearthed by the Dodge county grand jury. At that camp, where fifty convicts are worked, the superintendent's name is Bryant. One of the convicts who was sick with dropsy, was made to work by the fire. He complained of being sick, but with a lash Bryant compelled him to keep at work until at last the convict fell dead at his feet. The grand jury has indicted Bryant for murder, but he heard of it and escaped into Alabama. Other convicts were equally badly treated.

Another case was that of a negro who escaped from the camp. The managers supposed that he would make his escape by the railroad and sent a guard to intercept him. The guard went to the cut below the station, where there had been an old mill. After some time they heard the clanking of chains, and knew that the negro was coming. The negro came in sight and was shot dead. The guard said he halted the negro and he ran. The statement was controverted by the fact that every shot was fired into the negro's breast and front.

The Secretary of War has approved the request of the ex-Confederate Association at Chicago to erect a memorial to the Confederate dead buried in the Government lot in Oakland Cemetery near that city, under such regulations as may be prescribed by the Quartermaster General.